To fleere and ſcorne at our ſolemnity?
Now by the ſtocke and honour of my kin,
To ſtrike him dead I hold it not a ſin.
Cap. Why how now kinſman? wherefore ſtorme you ſo?
Tib. Uncle this is a *Mountague* our foe,
A villaine that is hither come in ſpight,
To ſcorne at our ſolemnity this night.
Cap. Young *Romeo*, is it?
Tib. 'Tis he, that villaine *Romeo*.
Cap. Content thee gentle Coze, let him alone,
A beares him like a portly Gentleman,
And to ſay truth *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well govern'd youth;
I would not for the wealth of all this Towne,
Here in my houſe doe him diſparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou reſpect,
Shew a faire preſence, and put off theſe frownes,
An ill beſeeming ſemblance for a feaſt.
Tib. It fits when ſuch a villaine is a gueſt,
I'le not endure him.
Cap. He ſhall be endured,
What? goodman boy, I ſay he ſhall, goe too,
Am I the Maſter here or you? goe too:
You'll not endure him, God ſhall mend my ſoule,
You'll make a mutiny among my gueſts,
You will ſet a cocke a hoope, you'll be the man.
Tib. Why Uncle 'tis a ſhame.
Cap. Goe too, goe too,
You are a ſaucy boy: iſt ſo indeed?
This trick may chance to ſcath you I know what:
You muſt contrary me, marry 'tis time:
Well ſaid my hearts: you are a Princox, goe,
Be quiet, or (more light, more light for ſhame)
I'le make you quiet (what) chearely my hearts.
Tib. Patience perforce with wilfull choler meeting,
Makes my fleſh tremble in their different greeting:

I will

I will withdraw, but this intruſion ſhall,
Now ſeeming ſweet, convert to bitter gall. *Exit.*
Rom. If I profane with my unworthieſt hand,
This holy ſhrine, the gentle ſinne is this,
My lips two bluſhing Pilgrims ready ſtand,
To ſmooth that rough touch with a tender kiſſe.
Jul. Good Pilgrim, you doe wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion ſhewes in this,
For Saints have hands that Pilgrims hands doe touch,
And palme to palme is holy Palmers kiſſe.
Rom. Have not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?
Jul. I Pilgrim, lips that they muſt uſe in Prayer.
Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips doe what hands doe,
They pray, grant thou, leſt faith turne to deſpaire.
Jul. Saints doe not move, though grant for prayers ſake.
Rom. Then move not while my prayers effect I take:
Thus from my lips by thine my ſinne is purg'd.
Jul. Then have my lips the ſinne that they have tooke.
Rom. Sin from my lips! O treſpaſſe ſweetly urg'd:
Give me my ſinne againe.
Jul. You kiſſe bith booke.
Nurſe. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
Rom. What is her mother?
Nurſe. Marrie Batcheler,
Her mother is the Lady of the houſe,
And a good Lady, and a wiſe and vertuous:
I nurc't her daughter that you talkt withall:
I tell you he that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chinckes.
Rom. Is ſhe a *Capulet*?
O deare account! my life is my foes debt.
Ben. Away, be gone, the ſport is at the beſt.
Rom. I, ſo I feare, the more is my unreſt.
Cap. Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling fooliſh banquet towards:
Is it e'en ſo? why then I thanke you all,
I thanke you honeſt Gentlemen, good night.

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